

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE,"
AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

When, by the rebellion of O'Neil, in the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, the greater part of the north of Ireland came to be at the disposal of the Crown, Sir Hugh Montgomery of Braidstane, a cadet of the Eglintoun family, managed affairs so judiciously at the Court of James I., that the lands of O'Neil were, by a tripartite arrangement, divided between Braidstane, Hamilton, and O'Neil. The latter was the Chief of Ulster, and held the district by the Celtic law of tanistry, which, being illegal, no doubt had its influence in bringing him into the schemes of Montgomery. Letters patent to this effect passed the great seal of Ireland on the 16th April 1605. At that time the north of Ireland, it is said, resembled the wilds of America, with this difference, that it was not "encumbered with great woods to be felled and grubbed," but nearly as desolate in point of population. Under the leadership of Montgomery, who became Viscount of Ardes in 1622, the colony of Scots, with whom he had peopled Ulster, speedily became a thriving community. Upwards of a thousand settlers, chiefly from Ayrshire, including tradesmen of all kinds, followed him at first, and numerous others found their way across the Channel in subsequent years. It was these people who introduced the manufacture of linen, which ultimately became the staple trade of the district, and it was by their means that Protestantism took such a prominent position in the north of Ireland. Though the family of the Viscount has failed in the male line, and the title of Mount-Alexander is extinct, yet there are branches of the Montgomery and other Scottish families, who, springing out of this settlement, have taken root and still flourish.

Amongst those who joined the community from Scotland, some years afterwards, was "Mr Alexander Montgomery," whom the Viscount of Ardes settled near Derry; and, being a minister, he became *prebend* of Do. There is no appearance of Do having been connected with a cathedral; but that he was an Episcopalian is confirmed by what the author of "The Montgomery Manuscript" tells us. "When debarred," says the writer, "by the Presbyterians to use the Word, he took the sword, and valiantly wielded the same against the Irish; and he got a command, in which he served diverse years in the beginning of the grand rebellion [about 1641] in Ireland, and never turned tail on the King's cause, nor was Covenantanter, so he well deserved the satisfaction which his posterity has for his said services before June 1649." The author further says, he lived till 1658, and quotes the following epitaph, which he had from "Mr Alexander M'Causland:—"—

"Now he to nature his last debt bequeaths,
 Who in his life charged through a thousand deaths.
 One man yhave seldom seen on stage to doe
 The parts of Samuell and of Sampson too;
 Fitt to convince or hew an Agag down,
 Fierce in his arms and priestlike in his gown.
 These characters were due, as all may see,
 To our divine and brave Montgomery.
 Now, judge with what a courage he will rise
 When the last trumpet sounds the great assize."

Montgomery could thus wield the Word or the sword with equal power. He married Margaret Coningham, sister of Sir Arthur Coningham an ancestor of the Marquis of Conyngham. By this lady he had at least two sons, the eldest of whom, John, was a major in "the third Viscount's party," and was taken prisoner "by the usurper's soldiers," during the Cromwellian struggle. He was proprietor of several estates—amongst others, Castle Aghray, in the county of Donegal. At his death his will was recorded in the Probate Court, Dublin, on the 28th August 1679; and, singular enough, adhibited to his signature are the *arms* of the *Montgomeries of Hessilheid*, with the initials "A. M." above. Major John left a family, whose descendants still enjoy the property; and one of them, with the true Montgomery *penchant* for arms, is a brigadier-general in the Bombay army, and may now be on his way to Abyssinia.

This brings us to inquire whether Captain Alexander Montgomery, author of "The Cherrie and the Slae," had a family. Although one of the best and most celebrated poets of his age, little is known of his personal history. When Dr Irving printed his "Lives of the Scottish Poets," in 1802, he literally knew nothing of him, save a few inferences derived from his writings, to which he added his belief that he belonged to the Eglintoun family. When he published the collected poems of Montgomery, however, in 1822, he brought proof enough that he was of the Hessilheid branch—the first of whom was Hugh, third son of Alexander, Master of Montgomery, and grandson of the first Lord Montgomery. The poet was the second son of Hugh Montgomery, third laird of Hessilheid. He was born, not at Hessilheid, as Pont states, but in Germany, as he says himself; and he further incidentally mentions that his birth took place "on Eister-day at morne;" but in what year the world is left to guess—perhaps in 1554.

Of the early habits and education of Montgomery little is known for certain. His aunt Marian, sister of his father, married for her third husband John Campbell of Skipnish, in Argyleshire. It is supposed from what Hume of Polwart says, in one of their *flyting* epistles, that he had passed some

portion of his boyhood at Skipnish ; and Dempster remarks that he was usually designated *eques Montanus*, a phrase synonymous to "Highland trooper." The poet himself alludes to his residence in the Highlands in his epistle to Robert Hudson :—

" This is no life that I live vpaland,
On raw red herring reisted in the reik ;
Syn I am subject sometyme to be seik,
And daylie deeing of my auld diseise."

As to his personal appearance Montgomery says, " I schame not of my schape ;" and adds, " though I be laich, I beir a michtie mynd." He is invariably styled *Captain*, and from " Melville's Diary" it would appear that he was captain of one of the companies maintained in Edinburgh under the regency of Morton in 1576. It is curious, at the same time, that his name does not occur in the Treasurer's Accounts, either during the regency or the reign of James VI. There are, to be sure, several volumes wanting—as, for example, from 1574 to 1579, and from 1584 to 1590. There are at least six captains, with their companies, mentioned—the germs of a standing army—during the regency of Morton, almost all of whom disappear after the accession of the king. At the same time it is universally understood that the poet was a favourite at court. He had a pension of five hundred merks, payable out of the rents of the archbishopric of Glasgow, given by the king, at Falkland, 27th September 1583. This pension he seems to have quietly enjoyed until 1586, when he obtained the royal licence to travel abroad for the space of five years.

J. PN.



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THE
CHERRIE
AND THE
SLAVE.
COMPYLED
INTO MEETER.

By Captain *ALEXANDER*
MONTGOMERY.

GLASGOW,
Printed by *Robert Sanders*, and are
to be sold in his Shop, in the
Salt-market, a little below *Gib-*
son's-Wynd. 1726.



A SWEET
SONNET,
TO THE
Blessed Trinitie.

By Captain ALEXANDER
MONTGOMERY.

Supreme Essence, Beginner unbegun,
Ay Trinal One, and undivided Three:
Eternal Word that Victory hath won,
O'er Death, o'er Hell, triumphing on the Tree.
For Knowledge, Wisdom, and All-seeing Eye,
JEHOVAH, Alpha, and Omega all:
Like unto none, and none like unto Thee,
Unmov'd, moving the rounds about the Ball.
Container uncontain'd, is, was, and shall,
Be Sempiternal, Merciful and Just,
Creator uncreated, now I call,
Teach me Thy Truth, sith into Thee I Trust.
Increase, confirm, and kindle from above,
My Faith, my Hope, and by the love my Love.

THE
CHERRIE
AND THE
SLAE.

1. A Bout a Bank with balmie bews,
Where *Nightingals* their Notes renews,
With gallant *Gold Springs* gay;
The *Mayise*, *Merl*, and *Progn* proud,
The *Lintwhite*, *Lark*, and *Laverock* loud,
Saluted mirthful *May*.
When *Philomel* had sweetly sung,
To *Progn* she deplor'd,
How *Tereus* cut out her Tongue,
And falsly her deflor'd.

Which Story, so fory,
To shew asham'd she seem'd:
To hear her, so near her,
I doubted if I dream'd.

2. The *Cusshat* crouds, the *Corbie* cryes,
The *Couckow* cauks, the prattling *Pyes*,
To geck her they begin.

The *Largoun*, or the jangling *Jays*,
The creaking *Craws*, the kekling *Kays*,
They deav'd me with their din.

The painted *Pawn* with *Argoes* Eyes,
Can on his *Mayock* call;

The *Turtle* wails on withered Trees,
And *Echo* answered all.

Repicting, with grieting,
How fair *Narcissus* fell,

The Cherrie

By lying, and spying
His shadow in the well.

3. I saw the *Hutcheon* and the *Hare*,
In hirdlings hipling here and there
To make their morning mange.
The *Con*, the *Cunie*, and the *Cat*,
Whose dainty downs with dew were wat,
With stiff mustaches strang.

The *Hart*, the *Hynd*, the *Dae*, the *Rae*,
The *Fulmart* and false *Fox*:

The bearded *Buck* clamb up the brae,
With birsie *Bairs* and *Brocks*:
Some feeding, some dreading
The Hunters subtil snares,
With skipping, and tripping,
They plaid them all in pairs.

4. The Air was sober, soft and sweet,
But mistie Vapours, Wind nor Weet,
But quiet, calm and clear,
To foster *Floras* fragrant Flowers,
Whereon *Apellos* Paramours,
Had trinkled many a tear:
The which like Silver shakers shin'd,
Imbrodering beauties bed,
Wherewith their heavy heads declin'd,
In *Mays* colours clad.

Some knopping, some dropping
Of balmie liquor sweet:
Excelling, and smelling,
Through *Phebus* wholesome heat.

5. Me thought an heavenly heartsome thing,
Where dew like Diamonds did hang,
Ov'rtwinkling all the trees,
To study on the flourish'd twists,
Admiring Natures Alchymists,
Laborious busie *Bees*:
Whereof some sweetest Honey sought,
to stay their Lives to serve:
And some the waxie Vessels wrought,

Their purchase to preserve,
 Some heaping, for keeping,
 In it their Hyves they hide,
 Precifely and wifely,
 For Winter they provide.

6. To pen the pleasures of that Park,
 How every Blossom, Branch and Bark,
 Against the Sun did shine:

I pass to Poets to compile,
 In high Heroick stately stile,
 Whose Muse surmatches mine.

But as I looked mine alone,
 I saw a River rin,
 Out ov'r a steeple Rock of Stone,
 Sine lighted in a Lin,
 With tumbling, and rumbling,
 Amongst the Roches round;
 Devaling, and falling
 Into a Pit profound.

7. Through routing of the River rang,
 The Roches founding like a sang,
 Where Descant did abound:

With Treble, Tenor, Counter Meen;
 An Echo blew a Bass between,
 In Diapason found:

Set with the C sol fa-uth Clief,
 With long and large at list,
 With Quaver, Crochet, Semi-brief,
 And not a Minum mist,
 Compleatly, more sweetly,
 She firdound flat and sharp,
 Then Muses, which uses
 To pin Apollos Harp.

8. Who would have ty'd to hear that tune,
 Which Birds corroborat ay alone,

With lays of lovesome Larks?
 Which climb so high in Cristal Skies,
 While Cupid wakened with the cries,
 Of Natures Chappel Clarks;

The Cherrie

Who leaving all the Heav'ns above,
Alighted on the Eard,
Lo how that little Lord of Love,
Before me there appear'd.

So Mild-like, and Child-like;
With Bow three quarters skant;
Syne moyly, and coily,
He looked like a Saint.

9. A cleanly Crisp hang o'er his Eyes,
His Quaver by his naked Thyes,
Hang in a Silver Lace:

Of Gold between his Shoulders grew
Two pretty Wings wherewith he flew,
On his left Arm a Brace.

This God soon off his Gear he shook
Upon the grassie ground,
I ran as lightly for to look,
Where ferlies might be found:

Amazed, I gazed,
To see his gear so gay:
Perceiving, mine having,
He counted me his prey.

10. His Youth and Stature made me stout,
Of doubleness I had no doubt,
But boured with my Boy.

Quoth I, how call they thee my Child?
Cupido, Sir, quoth he, and smil'd,
Please you me to imploy:

For I can serve you in your Sute,
If you please to impyre,
With Wings to flee, and Shafts to shoot,
Or Flames to set on fire.

Make choise then, of those then,
Or of a thousand things:

But crave them, and have them,
With that I woo'd his wings.

11. What would you give, my Heart, quoth he,
To have these wanton Wings to flee,
To sport thy Sp'rit a while?

Or

Or what if Love should lend thee here,
Bow, Quiver, Shafts, and shooting gear,
Some Body to beguile?

This gear, quoth I, cannot be bought,
Yet I would have it fain.

What if, quoth he, it cost thee nought,
But rendring all again.

His Wings then, he brings then,
And band them on my Back.

Go flee now, quoth he, now,
And for my leave I take.

12. I then sprang up with *Cupid's* Wings,
Whose shafts and shooting gear resigns,
To lend me for a Day,

As *Icarus* with borrowed flight

I mounted higher then I might,
Ov'r perilous a play.

First, forth I drew the double Dart,
Which sometimes shot his Mother;

Wherewith I hurt my wanton Heart,
In hope to hurt another.

It hurt me, or burnt me,
While either end I handle,
Come see now, in me now,
The Butterflie and Candle,

13. As she delites into the Low,
So was I browden of my Bow,

As ignorant as she :

And as she flies while she is fir'd,
So with the Dart that I desir'd,

Mine Hands hath hurt me to;

As foolish *Phaeton* by fate,

His Fathers Chair obtain'd,

I long'd in Loves Bow to shoot,

Not marking what it mean'd :

More wilful, then skillful,

To flee I was so fond;

Desiring, impiring,

And so was seen upond.

14. Too

14. Too late I knew who hews too hie,
The Spale shall fall into his Eye:

Too late I went to School:

Too late I heard the Swallow preach,

Too late Experience doth teach,

The School-master of Fools:

Too late I find the Nest I seek,

When all the Birds are flown:

Too late the Stable-door I seek,

When as the Steed is stown.

Too late ay, their State ay,

As foolish Folk espy:

Behind so, they find so,

Remead, and so do I.

15. If I had rightly been advis'd,

I had not rashly enterpris'd,

To soar with borrowed Pens:

Nor yet had say'd the Archer-craft,

To shoot my self with such a shaft,

As Reason quite miskens:

Fra wilfulness gave me my wound,

I had no force to flee,

Then came I groaning to the ground,

Friend welcome home, quoth he.

Where flew ye? Whom flew ye?

Or who brings home the booting?

I see now, quoth he, now,

You have been at the shooting.

16. As Scorn comes commonly with Skaith,

So, I behov'd to bide them baith;

So staggering was my State:

That under cure I got such check,

Which I might not remove nor neck,

But either stail or mait.

Mine agonie was so extream,

I swelt and found for fear:

But e'er I wakened of my Dream,

He spoil'd me of my gear.

With flight then, on hight then,

Sprang

Sprang *Cupid* in the Skies:
 Forgetting, and setting
 At nought my careful cries.

17. So long with sight I followed him,
 While both my dazled Eyes grew dim,
 Through staring of the Sterns:
 Which flew so thick before mine Een
 Some Red, some Yellow, Blue and Green,
 Which troubled all mine Harns;
 That every thing appeared two,
 To my barboulied Brain:
 But long might I ly looking so,
 E'er *Cupid* came again.

Whose thundring with wondring,
 I heard up through the Air;
 Through Clouds so, he thuds so,
 And flew I wist not where.

18. Then when I saw that God was gone,
 And I in langor left alone,
 And sore tormented too;
 Sometime I sigh'd while I was sad,
 Sometime I mus'd, and most gone mad,
 In doubting what to do.

Sometime I rav'd half in a rage,
 As one into Despair:

To be oppress'd with such a Page,
 Lord, if my Heart was fair.

Like *Dido*, *Cupido*,
 I widdle, and I wearie:
 Who rest me, and lest me,
 In such a feire sarie.

19. Then felt I Courage and Desire,
 Inflame my Heart with unquoth fire,
 To me before unknown:

But then no Blood in me remains
 Unburnt or boild within my Veins,
 All by Loves bellows blown:

To drown it e'er I was devour'd,
 With Sighs I went about:

But

But ay the more I Theop to smoor'd,
The bolder it brake out:

Ay preasing, but ceasing,
While it might break the bonds,
Mine hew so, forth shew so,
The colour of my wounds.

20. With deadly Visage pale and wan,
More like Anatomie then Man,

I withered clean away:

As Wax before the Fire I felt,
Mine Heart within my Bosom melt,
And piece and piece decay.

My Vains by branging like to break,
My Pulses lap with pith,
So servensie did me infect,

That I was vext therewith.

Mine Heart ay, it starts ay,
The fiery flames to free:
Ay hoping, through louping,
To leap at libertie.

21. But Oh! alas it was abus'd,
My careful Corps kept it inclos'd,

In Prison in my Breast,
With Sighs so sopped and ov'rset,
Like to a Fish fast in the Net,

In dead thraw undiceast,
Which tho' in vain it strives by strength,
For to pull out her Head,
Which profits nothing at the length,
But hastning to her dead.

With thirsting, and wristing,
The faster still is she:
There I so, do ly so,
My Death advancing to.

22. The more I wrestled with the Wind,
The faster still my self I find,

No Mirth my Mind could mease.
More noy then I had never none,
I was so altred and ov'rgone,

Through

Through drouth of my Disease:
 Yet weakly as I might I raise,
 My Sight grew dim and dark:
 I staggered at the Windling-strats,
 No token I was stark.
 But sightless, and mightless,
 I grew almost at once:
 In anguish, I languish,
 With many grievous groans.

23. With sober pace yet I approach,
 Hard to the River and the Roch,
 Whereof I spake before:
 The River such a murmur made,
 As to the Sea it softly said:
 The Craig was stay and shore:
 Then Pleasure did me so provoke,
 There partly to repair,
 Betwixt the River and the Rock,
 Where Hope grew with Despair.
 A Tree then, I see then,
 Of *Cherries* on the Braes;
 Below too, I saw too,
 A Bush of bitter *Slaes*.

24. The *Cherries* hang above my Head,
 Like trickling Rubies round and red,
 So high up in the Heugh:
 Whose shadows in the River shew,
 As graithly as above they grew,
 On trembling twists and tough:
 Whiles bow'd through burden of their Birth,
 Declining down their tops,
 Reflex of *Phebus* of the Firth,
 Now colour'd all their knops.
 With dancing, and glancing,
 In trile as Dornick champ,
 Which streamed, and leamed,
 Through lightness of that Lamp.

25. With earnest Eyes, while I espy
 That Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,

Half gate almost to Heaven :
 The Craig so cumbersome to climb,
 The Tree so tall of growth and trim,
 As any Arrow even:
 I call to mind how *Daphne* did
 Within the Lawrel shrink,
 When from *Apollo* she her hid,
 A thousand times I think.

That Tree there, to me there;
 As he his Lawrel thought ;
 Aspyring, but trying,
 To get that Fruit I sought.

25. To clim the Craig it was no buitt,
 Let be to prease to pull the Fruit,
 In top of all the Tree.

I know no way whereby to come,
 By any craft to get it clum
 Appearandlie to me.

The Craig was ugly, stay and dreigh,
 The Tree long, found, and small:

I was afraid to climb so high,
 For fear to fetch a fall.

Afrayed, I stayed,
 And looked up aloft;
 Whiles minting, whiles flinting,
 My purpose changed oft.

27. Then Dread, with Danger and Despair,
 Forbade me minting any mair,
 To rax above my reach.

What? tush, quoth Courage, Man to go,
 He is but dast that hath to do,
 And spares for every Speech:

For I have oft heard sooth Men say,
 And we may see'r our sells,
 That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
 And Pultrons ay repells:

Then care not, and fear not
 Dread, Danger, nor Despair,
 To F hazards, hard hazards,

Is Death e'er they came there.

28. Who speeds but such as high aspires?

Who triumphs not but such as tyres

To win a noble name?

Of shrinking what but shame succeeds?

Then do as thou would have thy Deeds

In Register of Fame:

I put the case thou not prevail'd,

So thou with Honour Die,

Thy Life, but not thy Courage fail'd,

Shall Poets pen of thee.

Thy Name then, from Fame then,

Can never be cut off:

Thy Grave ay, shall have ay

That honest Epitaph.

29. What canst thou lose where Honour lives,

Renown thy Vertue ay revives,

If valiantly thou end.

Quoth Danger, huly Friend, take heed,

Untimeous spurring spills the steed,

Take tent what ye pretend:

Tho' Courage counsel thee to climb,

Beware thou kep no skaith;

Have thou none help but Hope and him,

They may beguile thee baith.

Thy sell now, can tell now,

The Counsel of these Clarks:

Where through yet, I trow yet,

Thy Breast doth bear the marks.

30. Burnt Bairn with Fire the danger dreads,

So I believe thy Bosom bleeds,

Since last that Fire thou felt:

Besides that single times thou sees,

That ever Courage keeps the Keys,

Of Knowledge at his Belt.

Tho' he bide forward with the Guns,

Small Powder he provides;

Be not a Novice of that Nuns,

Who saw not both the sides.

Fools

Fools haste ay, almaist ay,
 O'erfyles the sight of some,
 Who looks not, who huiks not,
 What afterward may come.

31. Yet Wisdom wisheth thee to wey,
 This Figure in Philosophy,
 A Lesson worth to lear.

Which is in time for to take tent,
 And not when time is past repent,
 And buy Repentance dear.

Is there no Honour after Life,
 Except thou slay thy self?
 Wherefore hath *Atropos* that Knife?
 I trow thou canst not tell.

Who but it, would cut it,
 Which *Clotho* scarce hath spun,
 Destroying, the joying,
 Before it be begun?

32. All o'ers are repute to be Vice,
 O'er high, o'er low, o'er rash, o'er nice,
 O'er hot, or yet o'er cold.

Thou seems unconstant by thy Signs,
 Thy Thought is on a thousand things,
 Thou wats not what thou would.

Let Fame her pity on thee pour,
 When all thy Bones are broken:
 Yon *Slae*, suppose thou think it sower,
 Would satisfie to flogen,

Thy drouth now, of youth now,
 Which dries thee with desire:
 Asswage then, thy rage then,
 Foul Water quenchereth Fire.

33. What Fool art thou to die athirst,
 And now may quench it if thou list,
 So easily but pain,

More honour is to vanquish ane,
 Then fight with tensome, and be tane,
 And either hurt or slain.

The practick is to bring to pass,

And not to enterprize:

And as good drinking out of Glasse,
As Gold in any wise.

I lever, had never,
A Fowl in hand, or tway,
Than seeing, ten fleeing,
About me all the Day.

34. Look where thou light before thou loup;
And slip not Certainty for Hope,
Who guides thee but beguets.

Quoth Courage, cowards take no cure
To sit with shame, so they be fures

I like them all the less,
What pleasure-purchast is but pain,
Or honour won with ease,
He will not ly where he is slain,
Who doubts before he dies.

For fear then, I hear then,
But only one remead;
Which late is, and that is,
For to cut off the Head.

35. What is the way to heal thine hurt?

What way is there to stay thy sturt?

What means to make thee merrie?

What is the comfort that thou craves?

Suppose these Sophists thee deceives,

Thou knows it is the *Cherrie*.

Since only for it thou but thirsts,

The *Slae* can be no buit:

In it also thine Health consists,

And in none other Fruit.

Why gaikes thou, and shakes thou,

Or studies at our Strife?

Advise thee, it lies thee,

On no less then thy Life.

36. If any Patient would be panc'd,

Why should he loup when he is lanc'd?

Or shrink when he is shorn?

For I have heard Chirurgions say,

Of

Oft times deferring of a Day,
Might not be mend the Morn.
Take time in time, e'er time be tint,
For time will not remain.

What forceth Fire out of the Flint,
But as hard match again?

Delay not, nor fray not,
And thou shalt see it fae:
Such gets ay, as sets ay,
Stout Stomachs to the Brae.

37. Tho' all beginnings be most hard,
The end is pleasant after ward;

Then shrink not for no Shower:
When once that thou thy Greening get,
Thy pain and travel is forget;

The sweet exceeds the sower;
Go to then quickly fear not thir,
For Hope good hap hath heght.

Quoth Danger, Be not sudden, Sir,
The matter is of weight:

First spy both, then try both,
Advise ment doth none ill:
Thou may then, I say then,
Be wilful when thou will.

38. But yet to mind the Proverb call,
Who useth Perils, perish shall,

Short while their Life then lasts.
And I have heard, quoth Hope, that he
Should never shape to sail the Sea,

That for all perils casts,
How many through Despair are dead,
That never perils priev'd?

How many also, if thou read,
Of Lives have we reliev'd,

Who being, even dying,
But Danger but despair'd?

A hunder, no wonder,
But thou hast heard declar'd.

39. If we two hold not up thine Heart,

Which

Which is the chief and noblest part,
 Thy works would not go well:
 Consider the Companions can
 Disswade a silly simple Man,
 To hazard for his heal:
 Suppose they have deceived some,
 E'er they and we might meet;
 They got no credance where we came,
 In any Man of Sp'rit.

By Reason, their Treason,
 By us is plainly spy'd:
 Revealing their dealing
 Which drow not be deny'd.

40. With sleekie Sophisms seeming sweet,
 As all their doings were discreet,
 They wish thee to be wise,
 Postponing time from hour to hour,
 But faith and underneath the flower,
 The lurking Serpent lies,
 Suppose thou seest her not a time,
 While that she sting thy Foot,
 Perceives thou not what precious time,
 Thy sleuth doth over shoot?

Alas! Man, thy case Man,
 In lingring I lament:
 Go to now, and do now,
 That Courage be content.

41. What if Melancholy come in,
 And get a grip e'er thou begin,
 Then is thy Labour lost?
 For he will hold thee hard and fast,
 Till time and place, and fruit be past,
 And thou give up the Ghost,
 Then shall be graven upon that place,
 Which on thy Tomb is laid:
 Sometime there liv'd such one, alas!
 But how shall it be said;
 Here lies now, but prize now;

B

Into

Into dishonours Bed,
 A Coward as thou art,
 Who from his Fortune fled.

42. Imagine Man, if thou were laid,
 In Grave, and then might hear this said,
 Would thou not sweat for shame?

Yes faith, I doubt not but thou would,
 Therefore if thou have Eyes, behold,
 How they would smore thy Fame:

Go to, and make no more excuse,
 E'er Life and Honour lose;

And either them or us refuse,
 There is no other chose.

Consider, together,
 That we do never dwell:
 At length ay, but strength ay,
 The Pultrons we expell.

43. Quoth Danger, since I understand,
 That Counsel can be no Command,

I have no more to say:

Except, if that you think it good,

Take Counsel yet, e'er ye conclude,

Of wiser Men then they.

They are but rackless, young and rash,

Suppose ye think us feist:

If of our Fellowship ye fast,

Go with them hardly be it.

God speed you, they lead you,

Who have not meikle wit:

Expell us, ye'll tell us,

Hereafter comes not yet.

44. While Danger and Despair retir'd,

Experience came in and speir'd,

What all the Matter mean'd,

With him came Reason, Wit, and Skill,

Then they began to spear at Will,

Where make you to, my Friend?

To pluck yon lustie Cherrie, lo,

Quoth he, and quite the Slae.

Quoth they, there is no more ado,
 E'er ye win up the Brae,
 But to it, and do it,
 Perforce yon Fruit to pluck,
 Well, Brother, some other,
 Were better to conduct.

45. We grant, ye may be good enough,
 But yet the hazard of yon Heugh,
 Requires a graver guide:

As wise as ye are may go wrang,
 Therefore take Counsel e'er ye gang,
 Of some that stands beside.

But who were yon three ye forbade,
 Your Company-right now?

Quoth Will, three Preachers to perswade,
 The poison'd *Slae* to pow.

They tartled, and partled,
 A long half hour and mair:
 Foul sa them, they call them,
 Dread, Danger, and Despair.

46. They are more fathous then of feck,
 Yon fazards durst not for their neck,
 Climb up the Craig with us:

Fra we determined to die,
 Or then to climb the *Cherrie tree*,
 They bode about the Bush.

They are condition'd like the Cat,
 They would not wet their Feet:

But yet if any Fish we gat,
 They would be apt to eat.

Tho' they now, I say now,
 To hazard have none Heart:
 Yet luck we, or pluck we,
 The Fruit they would not part.

47. But when we get our Voyage win,
 They shall not then a *Cherrie cun*,
 Who would not enterprize.

Well, quoth Experience, ye boast,
 But he that reck'ned but his Host,

Oft times he counteth twife.
 Ye sell the Boar's Skin on his Back,
 But bide while ye it get,
 When ye have done its time to crack,
 Ye fish before the Net.

What haste Sir, ye taste Sir,
 The Cherrie e'er ye pow it,
 Beware Sir, ye are Sir,
 More talkative nor trow it.

48. Call Danger back again, quoth Skill,
 To see what he can say to Will,
 We see him shod so strait.

We may not true what each one tells,
 Quoth Courage, we concluded else,
 He serves not for our Mate;
 For I can tell you all perqueer,
 His Counsel e'er he come.

Quoth Hope, whereto should he come here,
 He cannot hold him dumb?

He speaks ay, and seeks ay,
 Delays oft times and drifts,
 To grieve us, and drieve us,
 With Sophistrie and shifts.

49. Quoth Reason, why was he debar'd?
 The tale is ill, cannot be heard,
 Yet let us hear him anes.

Then Danger to declare began,
 How Hope and Courage took the Man
 To lead them all their lanes;
 How they would have him up the Hill,
 But either stop or stay:

And who was welcome then but Will,
 He would be foremost ay:

He could do, and should do,
 Who ever would or mought:
 Such speeding, proceeding,
 Unlikely was I thought.

50. Therefore I wisht him to beware,
 And rasilly, not to run ov'r far,

Without

Without such guides as ye.

Quoth Courage, Friend, I hear you fail,
Take better tent unto your tale;

Ye said it could not be:

Besides that he would not consent,
That ever we should clim.

Quoth Will, for my part I repent,
We saw them more then him:

For they are, the stay are,
Of us as well as he:

I think now, they shrink now,
Go forward let them be.

51. Go, go, we do nothing but gusses,
They say the Voyage never lucks,
Where each one hath a Vote.

Quoth Wisdom, gravely Sir, I grant,
We were no worse your Vote to want,
Some Sentence now I note.

Suppose ye spake it but beguess,
Some Fruit therein I find;

Ye would be foremost I confess,
But comes oft times behind.

It may be, that they be
Deceiv'd that never doubted,
Indeed Sir, that head Sir,
Hath meikle wit about it.

52. Then wilful Will began to rage,
And swore he saw nothing in Age,
But Anger, Ire, and Grudge:

And for my self, quoth he, I swear,
To quite all my Companions here,
If they admit you judge.

Experience is grown so old,
That he begins to rave:

The rest but Courage are so cold,
No hazarding they have:

For Danger, far stranger,
Hath made them then they were,
Go fra them, we pray them,

Who

Who neither dow nor dare.

53. VVhy may not we three lead this one?

I'll lead an hundreth mine alone,

But counfel of them all.

I grant (quoth Wifdom) ye have led,

But I would fpear how many fped,

Or furthered but a fall?

But either few or none I trow,

Experience can tell:

He fays that Man may wite, but you,

The first time that he fell:

He kens then, whose Pens then,

Thou borrowed him to flee:

His Wounds yet, which Rounds yet,

He got them then through thee.

54. That, quoth Experience, is true,

Will flattered him when first he flew,

Will fet him on a low,

Will was his Counfel and Convoy,

VVill borrowed from the blinded Boy,

Both Quaver, VVings, and Bow,

VVherewith before he fay'd to shoot,

He neither yield to Youth,

Nor yet had any need of Fruit,

To quench his deadly drouth;

VVhich pines him, and dwines him,

To Death, I wot not how:

If VVill then, did ill then,

Himself remembers now.

55. For I, Experience was there,

Like as I us'd to be all where,

VVhat time he wited VVill,

To be the ground of all his grief,

As I my felf can be a prief,

And witnefs thereuntill:

There are no bounds but I have been,

Nor hidlings from me hid;

Nor fecret things, but I have feen,

That he, or any did.

Therefore

Therefore now, no more now,
Let him think to conceal't:
For why now, even I now,
Am debt bound to reveal't.

56. My custome is for to declare
The Truth, and neither eke nor pair,
For any Man a jot:
If wilful Will delites in Lies,
Examples in thy self thou sees,
How he can turn his Coat;
And with his Language would allure
Thee yet to break thy Bones,
Thou knows thy self, if he be sure,
Thou us'd his Counsell once,
Who would yet, behold yet,
To wreak thee were not we,
Think on now, on yon now,
Quoth Wisdom then to me.

57. Well, quoth Experience, if he
Submits himself to you and me,
I wot what I should say:
Our good Advice he shall not want,
Providing always that he grant
To put yon Will away,
And banish both him and Despair,
That all good purpose spills:
So he will mell with them no mair,
Let them two flyt their fills.
Such costing, but losing,
All honest Men may use,
That change now, were strange now,
Quoth Reason to refuse.

58. Quoth Will, Fy on him when he flew,
That pow'd not Cherries then anew,
For to have stay'd his hurt.
Quoth Reason, though he bear the blame,
He never saw nor needed them,
While he himself had hurt.
First, when he misstred not, he might,

He needs and may not now:
 Thy folly when he had his flight,
 Empash'd him to pow.

Both he now, and we now,
 Perceives thy purpose plain,
 To turn him, and burn him,
 And blôw on him again.

59. Quoth Skill, what would we longer strive,
 Far better late, then never thrive,

Come, let us help him yet:

Tint time we may not get again,
 We waste but present time in vain,
 Beware with that, quoth Wit.

Speak on Experience, let see:

We think you hold you dum.

Of bygones I have heard, quoth he,
 I know not things to come.

Quoth Reason, the Season,
 With Slothing slides away,
 First take him, and make him,
 A Man, if that you may.

60. Quoth Will, if he be not a Man,
 I pray you, Sir, what is he than?

He looks like one at least.

Quoth Reason, if he follow thee,
 And mind not to remain with me,
 Nought but a brutal Beast.

A Man in shape doth nought consist,
 For all your taunting tales,
 Therefore, Sir Will, I would ye wist,
 Your Metaphysick fails.

Go lear yet, a Year yet,
 Your Logick at the Schools,
 Some Day then, ye may then,
 Pane Master with the Mules.

61. Quoth Will, I marvel what ye mean,
 Should I not trow mine own two Eine,

For all your Logick Schools.

If I did not, I were not wise.

Quoth

Quoth Reason, I have told you thrice,
None ferlies more nor Fools:
There be more Senses nor the Sight,
Which ye o'erhail for haste;
To wit, if ye remember right,
Smell, Hearing, Touch, and Taste,
All quick things, have such things,
I mean both Man and Beast:
By kind ay, we find ay,
Few lacks them at the least:

62. So by the consequence of thine,
Or Syllogism like a Swine,
A Cow may learn the lair:
Thou uses only but the Eyes,
She Touches, Tastes, Smells, Hears and Sees,
Which matches thee and mair.
But since to triumph ye intend,
As presently appears:
Sir, for your Clergy to be kend,
Take ye two Asses Ears.

No Mitre, perfyter,
Got Midas for his meed,
That Hood Sir, is good Sir,
To hap your brainsick Head.

63. Ye have no feel for to define,
Though ye have cunning to decline,
A Man to be a Mool:
With little work yet ye may vow'd,
To grow a gallant Horse and good,
To ride thereon at Yool;
But to our ground where we began,
For all your guileless jests:
I must be master of the Man,
But thou to brutal Beasts.

So we two, must be two,
To cause both kinds be known,
Keep mine then, from thine then,
And each one use their own.

64. Then

64. Then Will as angry as an *Ape*,
 Ran ramping, swearing, rude and rape,
 Saw he none other shift;

He would not want an inch his will,
 Ev'n whether't did him good or ill,

For thirty of his thrift:

He would be foremost in the Field,

And Master, if he might;

Yes, he should rather die then yield,

Tho' Reason hid the right.

Shall he now, make me now,

His Subject, or his Slave?

No rather, my Father,

Shall quick go to the Grave.

65. I height him while mine heart was heal,

To perish first e'er he prevail,

Come after what so may.

Quoth Reason, Doubt you not indeed,

Ye hit the Nail upon the head,

It shall be as ye say.

Suppose ye spur for to aspire,

Your Bridle wants a Bit:

That Mark may leave you in the Mixe,

As sick as ye sit.

Your Sentence, Repentance,

Shall leave you, I believe;

And anger, you langer,

Where ye practick prieve.

66. As ye have dited your Decreet,

Your Prophecie to be compleat,

Perhaps and to your pains.

It hath been said, and may be so,

A wilful Man wants never wo,

Tho' he get little gains:

But since he think'ts an easie thing,

To mount about the Moon,

Of your own Fiddle take a Spring,

And Dance when ye have done.

If then, Sir, the Man, Sir,

Like of your Mirth he may,
And spear first, and hear first,
What he himself will say.

67. Then altogether they began,
And said, come on, thou martyr'd Man,
What is thy will? Advise,
Abas'd a bony while I bade,
And mus'd e'er I mine answer made,
I turn'd me once or twice,
Beholding every one about,
Whose motions mov'd me maist.
Some seem'd assured, some dread for doubt,
Will ran Red-wood for haist:

With wringing, and flinging,
For madnes like to mange,
Despair too, for care too,
Would needs himself go hang.

68. Which when Experience perceiv'd,
Quoth he, remember, if I rav'd,
As Will alledg'd of late:

When as he swore nothing he saw,
In Age, but Anger, Slack and Slaw,
And cankred in conceit.

Ye could not luck, as he alledg'd,

Who all Opinions spear'd,

He was so frack and fierie edg'd,

He thought us four but fear'd:

Who panfes, what chances,

Quoth he, no worship wins,

To some best, shall come best,

Who hap well, rack well rins,

69. Yet, quoth Experience, behold,

For all the Tales that I have told,

How he himself behaves;

Because Despair could come no speed,

Lo, here he hings all but the Head,

And in a Widdy waves.

If you be sure once, thou may see,

To Men that with them mels,

If they had hurt, or helped thee,

Consider by themselves:

Then chuse thee, to use thee,

By us, or such as you,

Syne soon now, have done now,

Make either off or on.

70. Perceiv'st thou not wherefra proceeds,

The frantick fantasie that feeds,

Thy furious flaming fire:

Which doth thy bailful Breast combure,

That none indeed, quoth they, can cure,

Nor help thine Hearts desire:

The piercing Passions of the Sp'rit,

Which wastes thy vital Breath,

Doth hold thine heavy Heart with heat,

Desire draws on thy Death:

Thy punces, pronounces,

All kind of quiet rest,

That fever, hath ever,

Thy Person so oppress.

71. Could'st thou come once acquaint with Skill,

He knows what Humors doth thee ill,

And how thy cares contracts:

He knows the ground of all thy grief,

And recipes of thy relief,

All Medicines he makes.

Quoth Skill, come on, content am I,

To put mine helping hand,

Providing always he apply,

To Counsel and Command;

While we then, quoth he then,

Are minded to remain;

Give place now, in case now,

Thou get us not again.

72. Assure thy self, if that we shed,

Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped;

Take heed we have thee told:

Have done, and drive not off the Day,

The Man that will not when he may,

He shall not when he would.

What would thou do? I would we wist,
Accept, or give us o'er.

Quoth I, I think me more then blest,
To find such famous four.

Beside me, to guide me,
Now when I have to do:
Considering, what swiddering,
Ye found me first into.

73. When Courage crav'd a Stomach stout,
And Danger drave me into doubt,
With his Companion Dread:

Whiles Will would up above the Air,
Whiles I am drown'd in deep Despair,

Whiles Hope holds up mine Head:
Such pitthie reasons and replies,

On every side they shew,
That I who was not very wise,
Thought all their Tales were true.

So mony, and bony,
Old Problems they propon it,
But quickly, and likely,
I marvel meikle on it.

74. Yet Hope and Courage wan the Field,
Though Dread and Danger never yield,
But fled to find refuge.

Yet when the four came, they were fain,
Because he gart us come again,

They grien'd to get you judge;
Where they were Fugitives before,
Ye made them frank and free,

To speak and stand in aw no more,
Quoth Reason, so should be.

Oft times now, but crimes now,
But even perforce it falls,
The strong ay, with wrong ay,
Puts weaker to the walls.

75. Which is a Fault, ye must confess,
Strength was not ordain'd to oppress,

Wich

With rigour by the right:
 But by the contrare to sustain,
 The loaden which ov'rburthen'd been,
 As meikle as they might.
 So Hope and Courage did, quoth I,
 Experimented like,
 Show skil'd and pithie Reasons why,
 That Danger lap the Dyke.

Quoth Danger, Sir, take heed, Sir,
 Long spoken, part must spill:
 Insist not, we wist not,
 We went against our will.

76. With Courage ye were so content,
 Ye never sought our small consent,
 Of us ye stood not aw:

Then Logick Lessons ye allow it,
 And was determined to trow it,

Allégeance past for Law:

For all the Proverbs we perus'd

Ye thought them scantily skil'd:

Our Reasons had been as well rus'd,

Had they been as well wil'd.

To our side, as your side,

So truly, I may term'd:

I see now, in thee now,

Affection doth affirm'd.

77. Experience then smirking smil'd,

We are no Bairns to be beguil'd,

Quoth he, and shook his Head:

For Authors who alledges us,

They fill would win about the Bus,

To foster deadly feud:

For we are equal for you all,

No Persons we respect:

We have been so, are yet, and shall,

Be found so, in effect.

If we were, as ye were,

We had come unrequir'd:

But we now, ye see now,

Do nothing undesir'd,

78. There is a Sentence said by some,
Let none uncall'd to Counsel come,

That welcome weins to be;

Yea; I have heard another yet,
Who came uncall'd, unserv'd should sit:

Perhaps, Sir, so may ye.

Good Man, grant Mercy for you get,

Quoth Hope, and lowly louts:

If ye were sent for, we suspect,

Because your Doctors doubts.

Your Years now, appears now,

With Wisdom to be vext,

Rejoicing, in gloising,

Till you have tint your Text.

79. Where ye were sent for, let us see,

Who would be welcomer then we?

Prove that, and we are pay'd.

Well, quoth Experience, beware,

Ye know not in what Case you are,

Your Tongue hath you betray'd.

The Man may able time a Stot,

Who cannot count his kinoh:

In your own Bow ye are o'er shot,

By more then half-an inch.

Who wat, Sir, if that, Sir,

Is sowre which seemeth sweet?

I fear now, ye hear now,

A dangerous Decreet.

80. Sir, by that Sentence ye have said,

I pledge e'er all the play be plaid,

That some shall lose a laik.

Since ye but put me for to prove,

Such Heads as helps for my behove,

Your Warrant is but weak.

Spear at the Man your self, and see,

Suppose ye strive for State,

If he regrated not how he,

Had learn'd my Lesson late,

And

And granted, he wanted,
Both Reason, Wit, and Skill,
Complaining, and meaning,
Our absence did him ill.

31. Confront him further Face to Face,
If yet he runs his rattle's race?

Perhaps, and ye shall hear:

For ay since *Adam*, and since *Eve*,
Who first thy *Leavings* did believe,
I sold thy *Doctrine* dear.

What have been done even to this Day,

I keep in mind almost:

Ye promise further then ye pay,

Sir Hope, for all your haste:

Promotting, unwitting,
Your heights you never hooked,
I show you, I know you,
Your by-gones I have hooked.

32. I would in case a Count were crav'd,
Show thousands, thousands thou deceiv'd,

Where thou was true to one:

And by the contrare, I may want,
Which thou must (tho' it grieve thee grant)

I trumped never a Man,

But truly told the naked Truth,

To Men that mald with me:

For neither rigour, nor for truth,

But only loath to lie.

To some yet, to come yet,
Thy favours shall be slight,
Which I then, must try then,
And register it right.

33. Ha, ha, quoth Hope, and loudly laugh,

Ye're but a Prentice at the Plough,

Experience ye prieve:

Suppose all by-gones, as ye spake,

Ye are no Prophet with a plack,

Nor I bound to believe.

Ye should not say, Sir, till ye see,

But

But when ye see it say,
 Yet, quoth Experience at thee,
 Make many mints I may,
 By signs now, and things now,
 Which ay before me bears,
 Expressing, by guessing,
 The peril that appears.

84. Then Hope reply'd, and that with pith,
 And wisely weigh'd his words therewith,
 Sententionally and short:
 Quoth he, I am the Anchor grip,
 That saves the Sailers and their Ship,
 From peril to their Port.
 Quoth he, oft times that Anchor drives,
 As we have found before,
 And loses many thousand Lives,
 By Ship-wrack on the Shore: I
 Your grips oft, but slips oft,
 When Men have most ado;
 Syne leaves them, and reaves them
 Of my Companion too.

85. Thou leaves them not thy self alone,
 But to their grief when thou art gone,
 Gars Courage quite them als.
 Quoth Hope, I would ye understood,
 I grip fast, if the ground be good,
 And fleets where it is false,
 There should no Fault with me be found,
 Nor I accus'd at all:
 With such as should have found the ground,
 Before the Anchor fall:
 Their Leed ay, at need ay,
 Might warn them, if they would,
 If they there, would stay there,
 Or have good Anchor hold.

36. If ye read right, it was not I,
 But only Ignorance, whereby,
 Their Carvels all were cloven:
 I am not for a Trumpet tane,

All,

All, quoth Experience, is ane,
 I have my Proceſſe proven,
 To wit, that we were call'd each one,
 To come before we came,
 That now Objection ye have none,
 Your ſelf muſt ſay the ſame.

Ye are now, too far now,
 Come forward for to ſee;
 Perceive then, ye have then,
 The worſt end of the tree.

87. When Hope was gald into the quick,
 Quoth Courage, kicking at the prick,
 We let you well to wit,
 Make he you welcomer then we,
 Then by-gones by-gones farewell he,
 Except, ye ſeek us yet.

He underſtands his own Eſtate,
 Let him his Chiftains chooſe;
 But yet his Battle will be blate,
 If he our force reſuſe.

Reſuſe us, or chooſe us,
 Our Counſel is he clim;
 But ſtay he, or ſtrey he,
 We have no help for him.

88. Except the *Cherrie* be his choſe,
 Be ye his Friends, we are his Foes;
 His doings we deſpise:

If we perceive him ſettled ſae,
 To ſatiſfie him with the *Slae*,
 His Company we quite.

Then Dread and Danger grew ſo glad,
 And wont that they had wun:
 They thought all ſeal'd that they had ſaid,
 Since they had firſt begun.


They thought then, they mought then,
 Without a party plead:
 But ye there, with Wit there,
 They were dung down indeed.

89. Sir, Dread and Danger then, quoth Wit,

Ye did your selves to me submit,
Experience can prove.

That, quoth Experience, I past;
Their own Confession made them fast,
They may not more remove:

For if I right remember me,
This maxime then they made,
To wit, the Man with Wit should wey,
What Philosophas had said.

Which Sentence, Repentance, 
Forbad him dear to buy:
They know then, how true then,
And press'd not to reply.

90. Tho' he dang Dread and Danger down,
Yet Courage could not overcome,
Hope height him such an Hire,
He thought himself so soon he saw,
His Enemies were laid so law,
It was no time to tire.

He hit the Iron while it was hait,
In case it might grow cold;
For he esteem'd his Foes defair,
When once he found them sold.
Tho' he now, quoth he, now,
Have been so free and frank,
Unsought yet, ye mought yet,
For kindness cund us thank.

91. Suppose it so, as thou hast said,
That unrequir'd we off'red aid,
At least it came of love.

Experience, ye start too soon,
Ye dow nothing while all be done,
And then perhaps ye prove
More plain then pleasant, to perchance,
Some tell that have you tryed,
As fast as ye your self advance,
Ye dow not well deny ir.

Abide then, your Tide then,
And wait upon the Wind:

Ye know, Sir, ye ow, Sir,
To hold you ay behind.

92. When ye have done some doughty dees
Synne ye should see how all succeeds,
To write them as they were.

Friend, huly, haste not half so fast,
Left, quoth Experience, at last

Ye buy my Doctrine dear.

Hope puts that haste into your Head,
Which boiles your barmy Brain;
Howbeit, Fools haste comes huly speed,
Fair heights make Fools be faine.

Such smiling, beguiling,

Bids fear not no freets:

Yet I now, deny now,

That all is Gold that gleats.

93. Suppose not Silver all that shines,

Oft times a tentless Merchant times,

For buying Gear beguets.

For all the vantage and the winning,

Good Buyers gets at the beginning.

Quoth Courage, Not the lest,

Whiles as good Merchant times as wins,

If Old Mens Tales be true:

Suppose the Pack comes to the Pins,

Who can his chance eschew.

Then good, Sir, conclude, Sir,

Good Buyers have done baith,

Advance then, take chance then,

As fundrie good Ships hath.

94. Who wist what would be cheap or dear,

Should need but Trafique but a Year,

If things to come were kend:

Suppose all by-gone things be plain,

Your Prophecie is but profane,

Ye'd best behold the end:

Ye would accuse me of a Crime,

Almost before we met;

Torment you not before the time,

Since

Since dolour pays no debt.

What by-past, that I past,
Ye wot if it was weel,
To come yet, by doom yet,
Confess ye have no feel.

95. Yet, quoth Experience, what than,
Who may be meetest for the Man?

Let us his Answer have.

When they submitted them to me,
To Reason I was fain to flee,
His Counsel for to crave.

Quoth he, since ye your selves submit,
To do as I decreet,

I shall advise with Skill and Wit,
What they think may be meet.

They cry'd then, we bid then,
At Reason for refuge;
Allow him, and trow him,
As Governour and Judge.

96. So said they all, with one consent,

What he concludes, we are content,

His bidding to obey:

He hath Authority to use,

Then take his choise, whom he would choose,
And not longer delay.

Then Reason rose, and was rejoyc'd,

Quoth he, my hearts come hither:

I hope this Play may be compos'd,

That we may go together.

To all now, I shall now,

His proper place assign,

That they hear, shall say here,

They think none other thing,

97. Come on, quoth he, Companion Skill,

Ye understand both good and ill,

In Physick ye are fine:

Be Mediciner unto this Man,

And show such cunning as ye can,

To put him out of pain.

First;

First, gard the ground of all his grief,
 What Sickneſs ye ſuſpect,
 Syne look what he lacks for relief,
 E'er further he infect.

Comfort him, Exhort him,
 Give him your good advice;
 And paſſe not, nor ſkanſe not,
 The peril, nor the price.

98. Tho' it be cumbersome what reck,
 Find out the cauſe by the effect,
 And working of his Vains:

Yet while we grip it to the ground,
 See firſt what faſhion may be found,
 To pacifie his pains.

Do what ye dow to have him hail,
 And for that purpoſe preaſe:
 Cut off the cauſe, th'effect muſt fail,
 So all his ſorrow ceafe.

His Fever, ſhall never,
 From thenceforth have no force,
 Then urge him, to purge him,
 He will not wax the worſe.

99. Quoth Skill, his Senſes iſo ſick,
 I know no Liquor worth a Leek,
 To quench his deadly Drouth;
 Except the *Cherrie* help his heat,
 Whoſe ſappy ſtockning, ſharp and ſweet,
 Might melt into his Mouth,
 And his Melancholy remove,
 To mitigate his Mind;
 None whoſomer for his behove,
 Nor more cooling of kind.

No Neſtar, director,
 Could all the Gods him give,
 Nor ſend him, to mend him,
 None like it I believe.

100. For Drouth decays as it digeſts,
 Why then, quoth Reaſon, nothing reſſs;
 But how it may be had.

Most true, quoth Still, that is the Scope,
Yet we must have some help of Hope,

Quoth Danger, I am rad,
His hastiness breed us mihap,
When he is highly Horst:

I would we looked e'er we lap,

Quoth Wit, that were not worst.

I mean now, convene now;

The Council one and all:

Begin then, call in then,

Quoth Reason, So I shall.

101. Then Reason rose with gesture grave,

Belyve convening all the lave,

To see what they would say;

With Silver Scepter in his Hand,

As Chieftain chosen to command,

And they bent to obey.

He paused long before he spake,

And in a study stood,

Syne he began, and silence brake,

Come on (quoth he) conclude,

What way now, we may now;

Yon Cherrie come to catch:

Speak out, Sirs, about, Sirs,

Have done, let us dispatch.

102. (Quoth Courage) Scourge him first that skars,

Much musing Memory but mars;

I tell you mine intent.

(Quoth Wit) Who will not partly pause,

I perils peritheth perchance,

O'er rackless may repent.

Then (quoth Experience) and spake,

Sir, I have seen them baith,

In bairnlinefs, and ly aback,

Escape and come to skaith.

But what now, of that now;

Sturt follows all extremes;

Retain then, the mean then,

The surest way it seems,

103. Where

103. Where some has furthered, some has fail'd,
Where part has perisht, part prevail'd.

Alike all cannot luck:

Then either venture with the one,
Or with the other let alone,

The *Cherrie* for to pluck,

(Quoth Hope) For fear Folk must not fash,

(Quoth Danger) Let not light.

(Quoth Wit) Be neither rude nor rash,

(Quoth Reason) Ye have right.

The rest then, thought best then,

When Reason said it so,

That roundlie, and soundlie.

They should together go.

104. To get the *Cherrie* in all haste,

As for my Safety serving maist,

Tho' Dread and Danger fear'd,

The peril of that irksome way,

Lest that thereby I should decay,

Who then so weak appear'd.

Yet Hope and Courage hard beside,

Who with them went contend,

Did take in hand us for to guide,

Unto our Journey end,

Impledging, and waging,

Both their two Lives for mine,

Providing, the guiding,

To them were granted fine.

105. Then Dread and Danger did appeal,

Alliedging it could not be well,

Nor yet would they agree;

But said, they should sound their retreat,

Because they thought them no ways meet

Conductors unto me;

Nor to no Man in mine Estate,

With Sicknefs sore oppress:

For they took ay the nearest gate,

Omitting ay the best:

Their nearest, perqueereft,

106.

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Is always to them baith,
Where they, Sir, may say, Sir,
What recks them of their skaith.

106. But as for us twa now we swear,
By him before whom we appear;

Our whole intent is now,
To have you whole, and alway was,
That purpose for to bring to pass,
So is not theirs, I trow.

Then Hope and Courage did attest,
The Gods of both these parts,
If they wrought not all for the best,
Of me with upright Hearts.

Our Christian, then Listane,
His Scepter did enjoyn,
No more there, uproar there,
And so the Strife was done.

107. Rebuking Dread and Danger sore,
Suppose they meant well ever more,

To me as they had sworn:
Because their Neighbours they abus'd,
In so far as they had accus'd,
Them as ye heard beforen.

Did he not esse (quoth he) consent,
The Cherrie for to pow?

(Quoth Danger) we are well content,
But yet the manner how.

We shall now, even all now,
Get this Man with us there:
It rest is, and best is,
Your Counsel shall declare.

108. Well said (quoth Hope and Courage) now,
We thereto will accord with you,

And shall abide by them:
Like as before we did submit,
So we repeat the same yet,
We mind not to reclaim.

Whom they shall choose to guide the way,

We shall him follow straight,
And further this Man that we may,
Because we have so height:

Promitting, but flitting,
To do the thing we can,
To please both, and ease both,
This silly simple Man.

109. When Reason heard this, then said he,
I see your chiefest stay to be,

That we have nam'd no guide:
The worthy Council hath therefore,
Thought good that Wit should go before,
For perils to provide.

(Quoth Wit) there is but one of three,
Which I shall to you show,
Whereof the first two cannot be,
For any thing I know.

The way here, to stay here,
Is that we cannot clim,
Ev'n o'er now, we four now,
That will be hard for him.

110. The next, if we go down about,
While that this bend of Craigs run out,

The Stream is there so stark,
And also passeth wading deep,
And broader far then we dow leap,
It should be idle work.

It grows ay broader then the Sea,
Sen o'er the Lin it came.

The running dead doth signifie,
The deepness of the same.

I leave now, to deave now;
How that it swiftly slides,
As sleeping, and creeping,
But Nature so provides.

111. Our way then lies beyond the Lin,
Whereby a warrand we shall win,
It is so straight and plain.

The Water also is so shaldy

We shall it pass even as we wald,
 With pleasure and but pain:
 For as we see the mischief grow,
 Oft of a fickle thing,
 So likewise doth this River flow,
 Forth of a pretty Spring.
 Whose Throat, Sir, I wot, Sir,
 Ye may stop with your Nieve,
 As you, Sir, I trow, Sir,
 Experience can prieve.

112. That (quoth Experience) I can,
 All that ye said sen ye began,
 I know to be of Truth.

(Quoth Skill) the famine I approve,
 (Quoth Reason) then let us remove,
 And sleep no more in Sleuth.

Wit and Experience (quoth he)
 Shall come before apace :
 The Man shall come with Skill and me,
 Into the second place :

Attour now, ye four now,
 Shall come into a band,
 Proceeding, and leading,
 Each other by the Hand.

113. As Reason ordain'd, all obey'd,
 None was o'er rash, nor none afraid,
 Our Counsel was so wise:

As of our Journey, Wit did note,
 We found it true in every jote,
 God bless our enterprise:

For even as we came to the Tree,
 Which as ye heard me tell,
 Could not be clumb, there suddenly,
 The Fruit for ripeness fell:

Which taking, and hasting,
 I found my self reliev'd,
 Of Cares all, and Saires all,
 Which Mind and Body griev'd.

114. Praise be to God, my Lord, therefore,

Who

Who did my Health to me restore,
 Being so long time pin'd:
 Yea, blessed be His Holy Name,
 Who did from Death to Life reclaim,
 Me who was so unkind.
 All Nations also magnifie,
 This ever living Lord:
 Let me with you, and you with me,
 To laud Him ay accord:
 Whose Love ay, we prove ay,
 To us above all things:
 And kiss him, and bless him,
 Whose Glorie Eternal Reigns.
 F I N I S.

Captain ALEXANDER MONT-
 GOMERY his Lamentation.

I Have Sinned, O Father, be Merciful to me,
 I am not worthy to be call'd thy Child,
 That stubbornly so long have gone astray,
 Not as thy Son, but like the Prodigal wild,
 My silly Soul with Sin is so defild,
 That Satan seeks to catch it as a prey:
 Lord grant me Grace, that he may be beguild.
Pecavi Pater, miserere mei.

I am amaz'd, how dare I be so bold,
 Before thy Godly Presence to appear?
 Or hazard once the Heavens for to behold,
 Who am not worthy that the Earth should bear,
 Yet damn me not, whom thou hast bought so dear,
Sed saluum fac me, dulcis Fili Dei:
 For out of *Luke* this Lesson do we lear,
Pecavi Pater, miserere mei.

If Thou, O Lord, with rigour would'st revenge,
What Flesh before Thee Faultless shall be found?
Or who is he his Conscience can him cleanse,
To Sin and Satan from his Birth not bound?
Yet of meer grace thou took'st away the ground,
And sent Thy Son our penalty to pay,
To save us from that hideous Hells Hound?

Peccavi Pater, misere mei.

I hope for Mercy, altho' my Sins be hudge,
I grant my Guilt, and groan to Thee for Grace,
Tho' I would flee, where should I find refuge?
In Heav'n, O Lord, there is Thy Dwelling-place,
The Earth Thy Footstool, and to the Hells, alas!
Down goes the Dead; for all must Thee obey;
Therefore I cry, while I have Time and Space,

Peccavi Pater, misere mei.

O Gracious GOD, my Guiltiness forgive,
In Sinners Death, since Thou hast no delite:
But rather would they should Convert and Live,
As do witness the Prophets in Holy write.
I pray Thee, Lord, Thy Promise to perfit
In me, that I may with the Psalmist say,
I will Thy Praise and wondrous Works indite,
Therefore, dear Father, be Merciful to me;
Tho' I do slide, let me not sleep in Slouth:
Me to revive in Sin, let Grace begin:
Make, Lord, my Tongue, the Trumpet of thy Truth,
And send my Verse such Wings as are Divine,
Since Thou hast granted me so good Ingine,
To praise Thy Name with gallant stile and gay:
Let me no more so trim a Talent time.

Peccavi Pater, misere mei.

My Sp'rit to speak, let Thy Sp'rit, Lord, inspire,
Help Holy Ghost, and be mine Heavenly Muse:
Ere down on me with forked Tongues of Fire,

As

As on th' Apostles with Thy Fear me infuse,
 All Vice expell: teach me Sin to refuse,
 And all my foul Affections, I Thee pray,
 Thy Fervent Love on me pour Night and Day,
Peccare Pater, miserere mei.

Stoup stubborn Stomach, that hath been ay so stout,
 Stoup filthy Flesh, and carion made of Clay,
 Stoup hardned Heart, before the Lord, and lout:
 Stoup, stoup, in Time, defer not Day by Day,
 Thou wots not when that thou must pass away,
 To the great Glorie where thou must be for ay,
 Confess thy Sins, and think no shame to say,
Peccare Pater, miserere mei.

O Great Jehovah! to Thee all Glorie be giv'n,
 Who shap my Soul to Thy Similitude;
 And to Thy Son whom Thou sentest down from
 (Heav'n:
 When I was lost, He bought me with His Blood,
 And to the Holy Ghost, my Guider good,
 Who must confirm my Faith in the right way:
 In me, *eor mundum crea*: I conclude,
 O Heavenly Father, be Merciful to me.

The SOLSEQUIUM.

Like as the dumb *Solsequium*, with care o'ercome,
 Doth sorrow when the Sun goes out of sight,
 Hangs down her Head, and droups as dead, and will
 (not spread,
 But lurks her Leaves through langour all the Night,
 Till foolish *Phaeton* arise with Whip in Hand,
 To clear the Crisall Skies, and light the Land,
 Birds in their Bower, wait on that Hour,

And to their King a glad Good-morrow gives :
From thence that Flower likes not to lower,
But laughs on *Phebus* opening out her Leaves.

*So standst with me, except I be where I may see,
My Lamp at Light, my Lady and my Love :
When she departs, ten thousand Darts in sundry
(Airts,
Thirle through mine heavy Heart, but rest or rove,
My Countenance declares mine inward Grief,
And Hope, alas! despairs to find Relief.
I die, I dwine, play doth me pine ;
I loath on every thing I look, alas!
While *Titan* mine, upon me shine,
That I revive through favour of her grace.

Fra she appear into her Sphear begins to clear,
The dawning of my long desired Day :
Then Courage cries, on Hope to rise, fra she espies,
The noysomness of absence past away.
No wo can me awake, nor yet impash,
But on thy stately Stalk, I flowrith fresh:
I spring, I sprout, my Leaves break out,
My Colour changes in an heartsome hew,
No more I lout, but stands up stout,
As glad of her, on whom I only grow.

O Happy Day! go not away, *Apollo* stay,
Thy Cart from going down into the *West*,
Of me thou make, thy Zodiack, that I may take,
My Pleasure to behold whom I Love best,
Her Presence me restores from Death to Life;
Her Absence also shores to cut my Breath.
I wish in vain, thee to remain,
Since *Primum mobile* doth say me nay,
At least thy Wain, haste soon again.
Farewell, with Patience perforce, till Day.

P S A L. 36. 28.

Declina a malo & fac bonum.

L Eave Sin, e'er Sin leave thee, do good,
 And both without delay;
 Let's fit he will to Morrow be,
 Who is not fit to Day.

*Non tardes converti ad DEUM.**His Morning Muse.*

L Et dread of Pain for Sin in after time,
 Let shame to see thy self insured so,
 Let grief conceiv'd for foul incurred crime,
 Let hate of Sin, the worker of thy wo,
 With dread, with shame, with grief, with hate in force,
 To dew thy Cheeks with Tears of deep remorse.

So hate of Sin shall make God's Love to grow,
 So grief shall harbour Hope within thine Heart,
 So dread shall cause the Flood of Joy to flow,
 So shame shall send sweet solace to thy smart:
 So Love, so Hope, so Joy, so Solace sweet,
 Shall make thy Soul in heavenly Bless to meet.

Wo where none hate doth no such Love alare,
 Wo where such grief makes no such Hopes proceed,
 Wo where such dread doth not such Joy procure,
 Wo where such shame doth not such Solace breed,
 Wo where no Hate, no Grief, no Dread, no Shame,
 No Love, no Hope, no Joy, no Solace frame.

F I N I S.

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